

# JOE THE BOOK FARMER

## MAKING GOOD ON THE LAND

By  
**GARRARD HARRIS**

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### SYNOPSIS

Joe Weston, fourteen years old, decides to make a success of his father's run-down farm. He reads the latest scientific books, Mr. Somerville, a merchant, agrees to help him.

Joe's father is pessimistic. He sneers at book farming and book farmers. Mr. Somerville, struck with Joe's business ability and ambition, backs him in prize competitions.

### CHAPTER III.

#### Joe Confers With His Partner.

"HELLO, partner! What are you doing here?" inquired Mr. Somerville as Joe, after having seen the bank teller honor his check promptly by paying \$8 to the plowman, walked into the store.

"I've come in to get eight bushels of rye."

"What for?"

"I'm going to sow it broadcast thick over the four acres. I've already had it broken, cross broken and harrowed fourteen inches deep, and I'm ready to plant."

"But we are not going to raise rye, Joe?" was the dubious query.

"No, sir, but we are going to make rye raise cotton and corn for us."

"How?"

"Well, this is October. Let the rye grow until January; then turn it under, and it will rot by planting time and lighten that old barren soil a heap, besides furnishing a good deal of valuable plant food."

"Well, now, where'd you get that idea?" asked Mr. Somerville in admiration.

"Saw it in one of those bulletins the state commissioner gave me the other day."

"Well, it's worth trying. If the state says it's the thing to do I reckon we can afford to do it. What else have you done?"

Joe told him about the leaves and the barnyard scrapings and the eight loads of fertilizer he bought. His partner clapped him on the shoulder.

"That's the stuff. We'll show these folks around here something about farming yet."

"Now, please, sir, get that wife fencing out tomorrow. I don't want the neighbors' pigs to eat up my rye."

"You can count on the wire and man to put it up. Are you keeping count of expenses?"

"Yes, sir. I'm not going to pay out a cent except by check, so we can have a receipt for every payment."

"That is sound business."

"And I wish, if you please, sir, you'd write around and find out the best varieties of seed corn to plant and the best sort of cotton."

"Yes, we must get the very best varieties. I think we can get a corn that will bring two and three ears to the stalk instead of only one. Like the sorts we have around here."

"And about the cotton, Mr. Somerville. I've heard daddy say that he always got more for his first bale than any other."

"That is usually true if the first bale is early, before the main crop is dumped on the market. With two or three million bales of cotton all over the south being offered for sale at once, of course, the price goes down." Joe pondered a moment.

"Then it seems to me," he said, "if we can get a sort of cotton that will be ready to pick before the rest we will make more off it, won't we?"

"Exactly. If we get a naturally early maturing variety and give it every opportunity and hasten it along with stimulating chemical fertilizers we ought to beat the main crop by three weeks and get at least \$15 a bale for it."

"Well, you see about writing for the seed, and let's get the earliest variety we can that gives a big crop. If we just get an early cotton that don't make much of a crop we haven't gained anything on the standard cotton that makes a heavy crop but is late, have we?"

"You're a pretty close figurer, Joe. I'll attend to the seed."

"Look here, Mr. Somerville, let's put one of those acres in oats instead of sowing it in rye, and not plow the oats under."

"Not much money in an acre of oats."

"Not by itself, but I can get the oats off by the middle of May or 1st of June and then plant it in Mexican June corn, with cowpeas sowed broadcast in the rows."

"Well, that sounds better—two crops a year off that land."

"Better than that. I'll pull the fodder from the cornstalks the last of July or 1st of August. We ought to get 250 bundles of fodder, worth 2½ cents a bundle."

"That's three crops—fine!"

"Then that corn will be matured by the middle of September. Get it off at

once.

"Yes. Then what?"

"Cut all those pea vines and dry them. They make the best sort of hay, and you know what it sells for."

"I can get \$12.50 a half ton for it any time."

"We ought to get a ton off that acre. That will be a sort of extra crop."

"I should think that would be about enough to make one acre produce in a year, Joe—oats, corn, fodder, hay?"

"No, sir, not yet," laughed Joe. "The reason I want to plant the cowpeas is that I saw in the book that the pea vines are a legume and gather nitrogen from the air and store it away in the soil in little warts or nodules on the roots of the vine and that a crop of peas on land is worth a ton of commercial fertilizer for the next crop year. Then there will be a lot of fallow leaves from the pea vines to be plowed under, and they will add some humus to the soil."

"I always heard that a crop of cowpeas helped land, but I never knew exactly why," said Mr. Somerville.

"Haven't you been studying your book about agriculture?" asked Joe severely. "I've been through mine once and am half through it again. And I don't leave a page until I can remember the sense of it."

"Well, the truth is, Joe, I've been so busy here at the store and our book-keeper has been sick."

"I reckon it is right hard for you to find the time. Well, as I was saying, I'll get those pea vines off, knock down the cornstalks into the low furrows, then get a turning plow and had that acre up on those stalks and pea vine leaves and roots to form humus for spring."

"Then you ought to give that land a rest."

"No, sirree!" Joe shook his head. "Land doesn't need rest as long as you put something back into it for what your crops take out. I'll sow that acre down in White Milan turnips. They are quick growers, and we can sell every one of them here in town before Christmas."

"Five crops in one year from one acre—it hardly seems possible, Joe."

"It is possible, for it has been done. See here!" Joe handed from his pocket a clipping from a country newspaper in another part of the state telling of what a progressive farmer there had done. "I found that paper in the road, and I lay awake ever so long last night thinking it over after I read about that man, and it works out all right."

"That is certainly 'farming some!'" said the senior partner. "And just to think—most of the people around here are satisfied to get less than one-fourth of that amount of produce from their land!"

"That sort of farming doesn't satisfy me," said Joe decisively.

"Or me, either, now I know what can be done. And, by the way, Joe, there's a commercial fertilizer concern offering a prize of \$100 to the boy in the corn club contest in the state who makes the largest crop with his fertilizer. The state chemist certifies that the product of that factory is up to standard."

"We've got to use some chemical fertilizer, and we might as well take a chance on that prize, too," said Joe.

"All right; we'll go after everything. And there's a nitrate of soda firm offering another hundred the same way but I don't know much about that stuff. Do you?"

"Yes, sir, nitrate is the quickest way for plants to get nitrogen, and that is the main element. Just scatter the stuff on the ground about corn just before it tassels and the books say it will increase the crop nearly one-third. It's fine for cotton, too—pushes it right along."

"I've never seen any of the nitrate or heard of it being used about this neck of the woods," said Mr. Somerville.

"Neither have I. The book says it comes mostly from Chile and it looks like common, coarse, dirty salt and dissolves quickly in water or by the moisture of the ground. That is how the roots get it so soon after it is applied. When it strikes the roots that plant just everlastingly bustles."

"If we go in for all these things and win out, Joe, it's a pretty big prize in money alone on the corn. There's \$75 for the winner in this county, \$100 for the fertilizer and another \$100 for the nitrate—\$275—but that is in competition with the entire state."

"I'm going to do my level best, and when a fellow does that he'd as soon compete with the whole world as not."

"That's the way to look at it. Then there is the state certificate, with the trip to Washington."

"I certainly want that trip," said Joe. "I want to talk to the head men of the department of agriculture of Washington and see what they are doing. I want to go right to headquarters and see for myself and learn something."

"What are you going to do with your money if you win it?"

"Well, half of it is yours, you know."

"No, indeed; half the crop money is mine. The prizes belong to you if you win."

"Much obliged, but I thought you ought to have half."

"No; I'll be satisfied with the crop money."

"That's mighty good of you. Well, sir, the first thing I'm going to do is to buy Annie a nice outfit of clothes and send her to that agricultural high school over in Limestone county, so she can learn all about cooking and sewing and raising chickens and honey and dairying, and all that sort of thing, so she can run an up-to-date farm home."

"That's a splendid idea—our country girls are even less enlightened on domestic economy than the boys are on farming, as a rule."

"I want her to have some chummees herself."

"What else will you do, Joe?"

"Why, I'll buy mother a new dress, then put the rest of the money in the bank at interest. I'll work another year and make some more. Then I'm going to the very best agricultural school in the United States and stay a year. I'll have the actual experience then and can understand and appreciate what it teaches."

"That's a pretty extensive program. Anything else?"

"Yes, sir. I'm coming back here and buy me a ten acre place and make the crops pay for it. Then as soon as I get on my feet I am going to add five or ten acres every year until I get it the size I want."

"That's the kind of talk I like to hear. Farming offers just as many and more opportunities than business. If a man will just apply business methods to it. It is the most independent and happiest life in the world."

"Then every year or so I want to go off to a good agricultural school for a

viding for such a division is to be introduced in the Kentucky legislature at its approaching session, with fair hope of passage, has just become known here. Williamson men who have been in the city this week are confident that the bill will be enacted into law and Mayo-co. thus created. The idea is said to be favored by the large coal interests of the eastern section of the state, who are greatly inconvenienced by the inaccessibility of the county seat which is located at Pikeville on the other side of the watershed.

Roughly speaking, it is proposed that all of that section of what is now Mayo-co. which includes the Tug river drainage into Tug river will be in Mayo-co., while the old county will contain that section of the falling water of which drains into the Lenoira Fork of Big Sandy.

Under present conditions it is necessary, in order to reach Pikeville, to make a long and difficult cross country journey or to go to Louisa by rail from Williamson and there connect with the Big Sandy division of the Chesapeake & Ohio.

There are said to be few if any other reasons for this change than those which a study of the geography of the county indicate. They are much the same as the conditions which led to the division of Logan-co. and the creation of Mingo-co. in this state in the early nineties.

Those who have discussed it here say there is little if any opposition and are confident that the effort which failed two years ago will be successful this time.

The people of Williamson are enthusiastic over the prospect, as their city would be greatly benefited by the establishment of a county seat on the opposite bank of the Tug. There is already a bridge at this point, built by the Williamson family, and there is talk already for another bridge at the other end of the Mingo city.

It is proposed to name the new county Mayo in honor of the late John C. Mayo, financier and captain of development, who contributed a great deal to the opening up of the coal industry in eastern Kentucky.

LUKE McLUKE SAYS:

Marriage is a lotter. And the fellow who buys in hoping to land a Cooling Dove often draws an old Buzzard.

It often happens that while Friend Husband is down town working to get enough money to pay the weekly installments on her Wedding Ring, Friend Wife is up town hunting for an affinity.

Every now and then you will see a fool man standing in front of the exhibit in the window of a Corset Store and wondering how the Hek a woman manages to sit down when she gets into a Knee Length Affair.

What has become of the old-fashioned tad who used to carry an Ear Spoon in his vest pocket?

It is the upkeep of a family that keeps a man down.

A man might have 18 Carnegie Medals, but that wouldn't convince his wife that she was married to a Hero.

The average girl looks as if she might quit washing her hair so often and pay a little more attention to her Elbows.

A girl wouldn't mind getting married and riding around in a white-rimmed hack if she didn't have to live with a nasty man after the Big Doings were over.

He puts in a few years Paying her Attention. Then he puts in the rest of his life Paying her Bills.

It is easy to convert Cash into Experience. But it is hard to reverse the process.

When you go visiting always try to remember that there never was a case in history where Company made a call too short.

The man who donates a nickel a week to the Church usually expects a Golden Mansion with a Pearl Fence around it in return for his investment.

This Early Rising stuff is all bunk. A Chicken gets up at daylight, and the best it gets is the Ax.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RAW FURS WANTED

AT SQUARE DEAL.

We built up a fur house 25 miles above the mouth of Big Blaine creek and have orders from factories for furs—opossum, muskrat, house cat, and skunk. There are only 4 grades. Some have twelve grades to lead the shipper astray. We shipped one time 15 biggest opossum hides to a house that had 12 grades, and had quoted opossum pelts at \$2.25, making this lot worth \$40.50. They want us check for only \$6.50. If you think 12 grade wont do you the same way, try them. We pay any shipper 50 per cent. in bunch lots of \$25 worth or more. Shipper can get at our fur house. We pay any shipper or trapper for No. 2 muskrats 20c more than he gets by shipping. For No. 2 opossum 25c more. On war striped skunk 50c more. We forfeit \$50 when we fail. Listen, we pay 1-3 value for old cow hides. If the cow is worth \$33 we pay \$11 for her hide. If the weight is in the hide. No. 1 horsehide, mane and tail \$4.75. No. 2, \$2.25. No. 3, \$1.50.

10 bars Lenoir soap for one doz eggs, 5 b. No. 8 sugar one doz eggs, 4 lbs. No. 6, one doz, 40 lbs. salt, one doz, 3 pks. Rio coffee for 1 doz. No. 2 Mule shoes, 20 round nails, free.

The manager of this firm purchased a fine carriage from the factory and will travel over nine or ten counties and buy raw furs.

We exchange pure lard for country hams. We take your hams green or cured. We pay 10c for dressed hog heads and feet in groceries. We pay 50c bushel for corn, in groceries. Send your furs by parcel post. We pay the postage and send your money promptly. We are the largest dealers in furs and hides in Eastern Kentucky, in high prices. We help our country ten thousand dollars every year. We sell 15 car loads of groceries this year with our two little grocery stores. We sell for cash and produce which is the only way groceries can be sold, successfully.

We buy the first crop of coffee. Other dealers buy the second which is frost bitten and unhealthy. Lots dealers buy lost roast coffee at 8c lb. and sell for 15c. We tell you where to buy to save money and get fresh goods. We turn the dollar 99 times a year. We have ratings in Dun and Brad street. We established in 1909. 11-26-41.

BIG BLAINE PRODUCE CO.

H. J. PACK, buyer for two stores.

"You'll do," said the merchant, shaking hands with him.

month or more and do special study—keep up with what is going on—and I'll be able after awhile to give mother a good home where she won't have to work herself to death and can kind of take it easy."

"You'll do," said the merchant, shaking hands with him as the wagon rolled up to receive the oats and rye.

"Goodbye, and you just go ahead and use your judgment."

The fence was built next day, with a substantial lock upon the gate, and Joe carried the key in his pocket.

With the assistance of Link he sowed the rye thickly on three acres and onto the other. He hired his father's team and harrow, agreeing to pay a dollar for the use of it, and harrowed the grain thoroughly into the finely pulverized soil.

The many spikes or teeth of the harrow had by this time demolished every clod, and the surface of the field was level and smooth, with a slight slope to the south, which insured drainage.

Passers by on the country road began to stop and watch his operations. Most of the farmers grinned indulgently and predicted that nothing would come of "all that foolishness." A few of them went to thinking, and without saying anything about it went home and gathered up leaves and trash and barnyard fertilizer and plowed an acre or so deeply, just as a matter of curiosity, to see what would happen. A few others sowed oats or rye just as Joe did.

The rye came up—a splendid, thick stand of it. In a few weeks it had spread, forming a solid mat of luscious green. Hungry hogs prowled squealingly around the hogproof fence; hungry cows looked and longed and disconsolately, for it was near Christmas time, and there was no green pasture available for the poor creatures, and dead grass is not very satisfying.

Jim Sullivan stopped his team in the road one day and gazed admiringly in the field.

"Got a fine stand that, Joe?" he called.

"Pretty good—yes, sir."

"What'll you charge me to let me graze those here horses in that patch awhile? They're powerful puny. I never made no feed to speak of last fall, an' if I don't strengthen 'em up some I'm afraid they won't pull through the winter."

Joe gazed at the scrawny, weak animals and felt sorry for them. He recalled the \$4 Jim had paid for the liquor last fall and thought if it had been invested in oats the horses and Jim would both have been a good deal better off.

"Why, I hardly know, Mr. Sullivan."

"I ain't got no money now, Joe, but I'll pay you next fall when my cotton comes in." Joe remembered hearing Mr. Somerville say Sullivan was mighty bad pay, that he spent every cent he could get his hands on for liquor.

"That ain't business, Mr. Sullivan. I can't afford to wait that long. Tell you what I will do, though. I saw that old white faced sow of yours with a new litter of pigs about a month ago. I'll pasture your horses here until the first of the year for two of those little pigs."

"That's a go. I'll bring 'em over and turn the hoeses in."

"All right, but you better call me when you come. I keep that gate locked."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### MAYO COUNTY TO COMPOSE EASTERN PORTION OF PIKE.

The following concerning the proposed new county of Mayo is taken from the Huntington-Herald Dispatch:

That the effort to divide the county of Pike and create a new county on the eastern watershed with a county seat across Tug river from Williamson is to be renewed and that a bill pro-



3 SHORTHORN MALE CALVES FOR SALE. READY NOW. THOROUGHLY BRED. PUBLIC INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THEM.

## Glenwood Stock Farm

### V. B. SHORTRIDGE, Prop.

### GLENWOOD, KY.

#### SHERIFF'S SALE FOR TAXES.

One of my Deputies, will on the 18th day of December, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 1 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Louisa, Kentucky, offer for sale the following described property to satisfy taxes against same for the year 1915.

| Owner                         | Acres          | Value     | Taxes   | Penalty  | Cost    |
|-------------------------------|----------------|-----------|---------|----------|---------|
| Jake Rice Heirs.....          | .365 (Mineral) | \$ 183.00 | \$ 2.51 | 15 cents | \$ 2.06 |
| Warren Robinson.....          | Two town lots  | 1500.00   | 16.53   | 99 cents | 2.00    |
| Tug River Telephone Co.....   |                | 200.00    | 2.70    | 16 cents | 2.00    |
| Crystal Block Coalers Co..... |                | 3201.00   | 74.25   | 4.75     | 2.00    |
| Langtree & Gordon.....        |                | 200.00    | 75.00   | 10.31    | 2.00    |
| Peach Orchard Coal Co.....    | 2000           | 12000     | 165.00  | 9.99     | 2.00    |
| Tom Hays.....                 |                | 800.00    | 13.50   | 81 cents | 2.00    |
| Consolidation Coal Co.....    | .25            | 25.00     | 33.00   |          | 2.00    |
| J. M. Bissel.....             |                | 1200      | 16.50   | 99 cents | 2.00    |
| Robert Jordan.....            | .63            | 600.00    | 8.25    | 49 cents | 2.00    |
| Frank Patrick.....            | .40            | 200.00    | 3.25    | 31 cents | 2.00    |
| W. V. Clark.....              | .10            | 100.00    | 4.21    |          | 2.00    |
| Sam Reed.....                 | house and lot  | 600.00    | 8.25    | 49 cents | 2.00    |
| Annie Carter.....             | house and lot  | 400.00    | 7.75    | 49 cents | 2.00    |
| Charley Hogg.....             | house and lot  | 350.00    | 3.85    | 28 cents | 2.00    |
| Marion Hurd.....              | house and lot  | 300.00    | 4.80    | 28 cents | 2.00    |
| Henry Marcum.....             | house and lot  | 250.00    | 2.05    | 12 cents | 2.00    |
| 12-17-31.                     |                | 200.00    | 4.70    | 28 cents | 2.00    |

R. A. STONE, Sheriff of Lawrence County.

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### ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

All instructions given personal attention by the proprietors.

#### NOTICE.

A petition having been filed by Felix Adams, for the reestablishing of a road leading from near Felix Adams' on Irish creek to Saint Adams on Daniels creek, which run over the lands of Saint Adams, Bob Rose, Bill Adams, Bob Adams, John Jordan, Howe Young.

As directed by law I will on the 20th day of December 1915, this being regular County Court day file a petition with the County Judge for the appointment of two reviewers who together with the County Engineer may make the necessary inquiries and report to the County Judge so that he may determine whether this road should be reestablished. B. J. CALLOWAY, Co. Engineer. 12-3-21.

The easiest way to make money is to pretend to show others how to make money. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

## SANDY VALLEY SEMINARY

### PAINTSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Is possibly the best place for those who are preparing to teach, East of the Richmond Normal School.

Our Whole Faculty is made up of men and women who have not only had College and University training, but are graduates of Normal Schools as well. If you want the subject matter it is here for you. If you want methods it is here too. So why look elsewhere?

#### WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION AND RESULTS

100 per cent of our graduates for the past two years are now in college. We try to give inspiration as well as fact. We look after the physical and moral welfare of our pupils along with the mental. The first requisite of a successful life is GOOD HEALTH. Especially is this true of teachers. We are striving with might and main to help young men and women in a way that will fill Big Sandy and surrounding country with efficiently trained men and women. Our plant is the best in Eastern Kentucky. If you question, come and see. Our faculty is second to none, either in scholarship or experience. We can prove that, too, if you'll just come and spend a few terms with us.

We believe in the state course of study, and all those who expect to teach are thoroughly trained in the matter of grading, and organizing their schools.

This next Legislature is going to do some surprising things along educational lines.